1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

selves with the problem of the transmission of culture as a process, or had published their reports when this study was projected, it was determined to make a field study of the problem rather than a cross-cultural inquiry based upon the literature.

A preliminary field trip with Professor George P. Murdock to the Tenino Indians of Oregon demonstrated the feasibility of the project and provided valuable ethnographic experience. This work, however, indicated the desirability of choosing a tribe which was not "broken down" by contact with the whites. It proved difficult to study how Indians brought up their children when most of them were away at the government school learning the three R's.

On my return from this field trip, I found that Mr. Stephen W. Reed was also anxious to make a study of a primitive society. Together we picked New Guinea as an area which would best suit our requirements. The ethnographic literature concerning the island showed that the tribes were small and homogenous, government weakly developed, castes and classes lacking, and economic specialization slight. It seemed, therefore, that the criterion of simplicity would here be fulfilled. There was also a strange series of rites of passage, which, it appeared, would provide a contrast to our own culture. Finally, since New Guinea is one of the world's last frontiers—much of it, indeed, is still unexplored—we hoped to find a tribe which was little affected by contact with Europeans. Fortunately for us, Professor Richard Thurnwald was in New Haven at the time, and with his advice we were able to narrow our field to the Sepik River district of the Mandated Territory.

Since work with Professor Dollard indicated that the hypotheses developed by Freud were outstanding among the theories of socialization and since it seemed probable that the psychoanalytic method of interviewing might be useful in the field, I began a training analysis during the following winter. I worked under Mr. Earl Zinn for five months before leaving for the field.

1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

Mr. Reed and I set out for New Guinea in the summer of 1936. We received extremely valuable practical help from Professor Hogbin at Sydney, and eventually arrived at Kwoma on October first. Mr. Reed collaborated with me until the end of February, when his project took him on a survey of the tribes of the Sepik area. I remained at Kwoma until the end of April, when I felt that, although my work was not complete, a period of diminishing returns had set in.

We used the usual techniques employed by anthropologists who work with the culture of a living society, combining participant observation with the questioning of informants. We kept a daily record of the events which occurred in the hamlet and of the happenings in other hamlets when we were able to observe them or were told about them. This record was scanty at first, but as our knowledge of the people and the culture grew the daily reports became fuller, until toward the end of our stay they contained some of our best information.

We also followed anthropological practice in establishing the reliability of our data, checking all statements with as many informants as practicable. In participant observation we employed a special criterion for discovering whether an act which we observed was customary or deviant. We found that if the act was customary, it would evoke no critical comment from those members of the society who observed it. On the other hand, if the act deviated from custom, the comments of those who observed it would reveal this fact. Thus, by paying especial attention to the spectators and recording their comments when an event occurred, we were usually able to determine whether or not an act was customary by the observation of a single instance.

The nature of the Kwoma settlement made our fieldwork difficult. The dwellings were loosely clustered in small hamlets of ten or a dozen houses each, so that it was impossible to find any vantage point from which to observe the life of the tribe as a whole. A further obstacle was the precipitous nature of the mountain on which the Kwoma lived. This

1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

114 made it hard for novices like ourselves to walk from hamlet
[133] to hamlet and therefore practically impossible to keep in touch with all daily happenings in the tribe. To visit the gardens which were on the edge of the tribe's territory was
[124] for us a day's task. For this reason most of our data were gathered from members of the hamlet in which we lived.[20]

122 The language barrier presented a considerable difficulty.
124 Luckily, shortly before we arrived, a dozen or so of the younger natives had returned from working on European plantations or in the gold fields and could therefore speak pidgin English. We set about mastering this language and at the end of two months could speak it fluently. Although most of our information was obtained through this medium, we undertook also to learn the native language and by the end of a few months were able to speak it haltingly and understand everyday conversation. By the time I left, seven months after arrival, I was able to carry on an extended conversation, still haltingly, but well enough to exchange ideas and obtain information on the less recondite subjects.

128 On returning to New Haven I presented an analysis and description of the material gathered at Kwoma as a doctoral dissertation to the faculty of the Graduate School of Yale University. During 1938–39 a fellowship from the Institute of Human Relations enabled me to study stimulus-response psychology under Professor Clark Hull. The knowledge of learning theory gained from him and from Drs. Neal E. Miller and O. H. Mowrer seemed to me crucial for the development of an adequate theory of socialization; consequently as a member of the Institute staff I reanalyzed my data in the light of this theory and am here presenting the results. I have been much helped by suggestions from my colleagues, particularly Professors Dollard, Murdock, and Miller. Since I had little knowledge of learning theory before going into the field, crucial data were frequently not gathered, an unfortunate but unavoidable circumstance. It is hoped, how-

[20] The rôles which we played in the tribe and hamlet will be described in detail in the first chapter, as well as the informants from whom most of our material was gathered.

1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

The Kwoma are a mountain-dwelling people. Except for the southeastern slope of Ambunti Mountain, site of the Ambunti Police Post,[3] they control the entire segment of the Peilungua Range which lies northwest of the Sepik. The territory they claim also includes enough of the sago swamps at the foot of these mountains to provide them with more than enough of the sago flour which is a staple in their diet. They are surrounded by swamp and river tribes. Living in the sago swamp somewhat to the northwest are the Amiki and Sowal people, and on a little group of hills to the northeast, separated by the swamp from the main range, live a half-dozen households who call themselves Yelagu. The Malu, Yambon, and Yessan, the river neighbors of the Kwoma, are linguistically and culturally distinct from the mountain people. When they converse with each other, each speaks his own language, which the other understands.

The Kwoma tribe consists of four subtribes: the Tangwishamp, the Urumbanj, the Koriasi, and the Hongwam.[4] Their territories are contiguous. The Hongwam, who dwell nearest Ambunti, were the group from which nearly all the data here presented were gathered, only a brief trip being made to the other three subtribes. These four subtribes, although speaking the same language and bound by not a few ties of trade and intermarriage, are distinct social entities and are not above carrying on head-hunting raids against one another.[5] More frequently, however, they will band to-

[3] While the fieldwork on which this report is based was being carried on, Ambunti was still a functioning administrative post. Since then this station has been moved to Marui, approximately thirty-five miles downstream, to facilitate communication with the District headquarters at Wewak.

[4] The terms "tribe" and "subtribe" have been adopted here although it might be objected that, since there is no political organization which unites these four groups, it is improper to call the Kwoma a tribe.

Native Name	*Name Appearing on Maps and in Australian Record Books*	*Population*
Hongwam	Waskuk—Bangus	374
Koriyasi	Chissaraman (Shasherman)	116
Urumbanj	Urumbans (Urumbanji)	108
Tangwishamp	Tangunjambi (Taunjambi)	*circa* 300

[5] Hongwam is referred to as Washkuk by M. Mead in *Sex and Temperament* and in "The Mountain Arapesh: I. An Importing Culture," *Anthro-*

1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

764 Kwoma culture defines the persons who shall dispose of and mourn for the dead. The relatives of the deceased gather to place his body on a platform where it is exposed for several months. Then the members of the subtribe attend a second funeral, for the ceremonial disposal of the bones, and a feast, after which the adult males celebrate the end of the mourning period at the house tamberan with gong, flute, and dance.

765 [534] [535]

571 These, then, are the variously constituted groups and categories of persons as defined by Kwoma culture. They provide the framework into which a child is born and in terms of which he has to learn to act.

114 621 361 614 613 773 The hamlet in which our house was built, and hence the one from which we gathered most of our information, is called Rumbima. It is situated on a mountain ridge near the geographical center of Hongwam subtribe. (See map.) The men of Rumbima claim descent from the giant fish hawk and hence belong to the *Hagamakzeo* sib. They divide themselves into two lineages, the larger claiming descent from the culture hero Mangwiyow, and the smaller from Wasahof.

621 613 592 [114] [595] [597] Mangwiyow is reputed to have had five sons, each of whom sired a family line. Our house was built among the dwellings of the living descendants of these five brothers. The oldest living male in the line whose houses were nearest us was named Wof (household 1, family line 2).[18] He dwelt a few yards from our hut with his first wife Kaya, his levirate wife Chinuwa, his adopted son Mey (a nephew), his adopted daughter Buka (a niece), and his stepson Kum (Chinuwa's son by her former husband). Wof is a man of about forty-five[19] whose skin is grey and scaly from tinea. He has the reputation of being a powerful sorcerer.

[754]

621 592 Adjacent to Wof's house is the rather dilapidated dwell-

[18] Households are presented both on the map and on the household chart. Family lines may be found on the lineage chart.

[19] Since the Kwoma had no method of counting years, the ages given are rough approximations based on the physical appearance of the individual and on his estimated age at the time of the tribe's first fleeting contact with Europeans, the members of the Behrmann expedition of 1913. (See W. Behrmann, *Im Stromgebiet des Sepik* [Berlin, 1922].)

[805] [807] [813]

1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

were more closely associated with it. All our best informants —Yat, Kar, Kis, Mar, Mes, Gwiyap, and Mey—spoke pidgin English, and all were of the Mangwiyow lineage with the exception of Mes. They also acted as interpreters when those who spoke only Kwoma were questioned. Gwiyap, Mar, Mey, and Mes were hired as house and shoot boys so that they were virtually always around. This permitted a great deal of unobtrusive questioning and observation of their behavior.

A short statement of the social positions in which the Kwoma placed the investigators may be useful in order to indicate the direction of the biases and lacunae in the data. At first we did not fit into any of the simple categories into which they had divided Europeans. A summary of the history of Kwoma contact with whites will clarify what being white meant to them. The first contact was in 1913 when the Kwoma killed a police boy[24] connected with the Behrmann expedition, for raping one of their women. A Kwoma was shot in reprisal. From this time until the Australians brought them "under control" in 1928, the Kwoma had little contact with Europeans. Since then they have come only occasionally in touch with white recruiters, traders, missionaries, and Australian government officers.

According to their own retrospective accounts, the first conception which the Kwoma had of the whites was that they were unnatural beings. They called them *ngamba* (ghost), a word which is also used to refer to a person who commits some heinous crime. It corresponds roughly in meaning to the English words "inhuman," "monstrous," or "unnatural"; and it would appear that this feeling persists, to some extent, to the present day. After I had been living at Rumbima for about six months, I came back from bathing at the spring below Mar's house without bothering to put my shoes on. Awa and Kwiya were sitting under Mar's porch. I had become quite friendly with these two girls, as I had frequently gossiped and joked with them on my almost daily

[24] Natives trained by both the former German and present Australian territorial governments to act as constables under the orders of a white officer.

1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

829 visits to Mar's house. They had never seen me without shoes
123 on, however, and when they saw my white feet they shud-
• 114 dered and turned away, indicating strong revulsion and horror. Mar told me afterward that the girls were sure that I was a ghost after they had seen my feet.

648 Another event that was important in determining the atti-
175 tude of the Kwoma toward Europeans took place in 1928. Two Australian police boys, while foraging for food at Hongwam, met and raped two Hongwam housewives. The husbands and relatives of these women attacked and killed the two police boys. When the Australian officer in charge of the district discovered the murders, he visited the tribe with a squadron of police boys, killed about twenty of the natives,[23] cut down their orchards, and burned their house tamberans. The natives who escaped fled into the bushes and swamps. The patrol officer built a house and stayed with his entourage until he had enticed the natives to return to their territory and had established order. During this time he tried to make clear to the natives that they had been punished for homicide and that, if they had grievances, they should bring their case to the "government" and not take the law into their own hands. He also let it be known that the Australian government was ready to punish anyone convicted of head-hunting or sorcery. Despite this warning, the Hongwam carried
[721] out a successful head-hunting raid a few years later. The patrol officer again visited the tribe; however, he could not discover the actual culprits, and so merely gave the assembled people of Kwoma a severe lecture threatening dire consequences similar to those of 1928 if there was any further evidence of head-hunting. He also forced a group of Kwoma, including Gwiyap, Mar, and Fit, to witness the hanging at Ambunti of some river natives who had been convicted of taking heads.

114 When we arrived at the government station at Ambunti on
648 our way to Kwoma, the patrol officer stationed there sent a police boy to Hongwam to order all the adult males to come to the station and carry our luggage over the mountain.

[23] Seventeen of those killed appear on the genealogical charts.

1: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1941
OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

About a dozen of the Hongwam obeyed this command but said that it was impossible to take the luggage by land. The patrol officer scolded them because more had not come and told them that they lied about the road being impassable. He explained that two white men were coming to stay with them for a long time to learn their language and customs. He then ordered them to return home and gather as many men as possible the next afternoon at the foot of the mountain, where we would land after taking the river route by canoe, to carry our baggage. The patrol officer decided to go to Kwoma with us because it was an appropriate time to make his yearly visit to the tribe and because there was also a special matter to attend to. Several Hongwam natives had signed a contract to work on a plantation but had bolted back home before their time was completed. It was the patrol officer's job to make them fulfill their contracts. We were accompanied into Kwoma territory, therefore, by the patrol officer and a company of police boys. On the day after our arrival he commanded all the natives to assemble at Rumbima house tamberan near which we had camped. When they arrived he took the annual roll call and recorded births and deaths. He scolded the natives because many of them had not responded to the assembly summons. He said that the excuse of being away in their gardens was not sufficient and unless they all came on his next visit there would be trouble. Then he asked where the four runaways were. No one knew. He said that if they came with him to fulfill their contract all would be well, but that if they did not they would be hunted out and put in jail. In response to this threat one gave himself up, but the other three remained hidden. The patrol officer then announced to the assembled tribe that we had come to study their language and customs and were going to stay a long time. He ordered them to build a house for us and warned them that if anyone harmed us he would be severely punished by the government.

In order to complete the description of the status of a white man in Kwoma culture, it should be noted that white recruiters had on several occasions visited the tribe in person,

2: Whiting E-5 (1936-1937) 1970 OJ13 Kwoma OJ13

Preface

128 This manuscript consists of the journal I kept while doing field work
114 on a tribe which eventually came to be known as the Kwoma. It covers the
121 period between September 1936 - May 1937. The late Professor Stephen Reed, then a fellow graduate student, accompanied me up the Sepik River to Kwoma territory where we worked together for 4½ months. At this time he left because his thesis problem required a comparison of the Kwoma with a more acculturated New Guinea peoples, whereas I was interested in an intensive
128 study of socialization among the Kwoma. Most of the diary is my journal with only slight editing to clarify shorthand and some of the pidgin English expressions. Some of these, however, have been left in, and a glossary provided as a key to understanding them. Some of the native terms are also left in the text. They are, however, usually defined in context, but if not, they should appear in the glossary of native terms. (Refer to pages 228-244.)

Although most of the journal is mine, in several instances Mr. Reed, or Tip, as he is referred to in the journal, took a turn. It will be noticed that their understanding of the social culture of the Kwoma is quite confused. At the beginning of the journal, we are at first under the impression that "Waskuk and Bangus" are either moieties of some tribe or neighboring tribes. It eventually dawned on us that they are divisions imposed upon the Kwoma by the British patrol officers. (Where they got the terms I was never able to find out, but they in fact had no reference to any structural reality of the Kwoma culture, except perhaps that Waskuk was translated with Bangus; and Waskuk, by the way, is the name which appears on Australian maps, and is also the name used by Margaret Mead who had previously visited the Kwoma). In addition to the journal, the case histories of two of my close friends and assistants have been appended.

614 The patrilineal sib is the primary descent group among the Kwoma. The three sibs of Hongwem subtribe are the Wanyi, who descended from a pig; the Hayemakwo, who descended from a great fish hawk; and the Tug, who descended from the sago palm. The men of Rumbima hamlet where we lived, claim descent [613] from the giant fish hawk, and hence belong to the Hayemakwo sib. They divide themselves into two lineages; the larger claiming descent from the culture hero Mangwiyow, and the smaller from Wasahof.

621 Mangwiyow reputedly had five sons, each of whom sired a family line.
592 Our house was built among the dwellings of the living descendents of the five
361 brothers. The oldest living male in the line whose houses were nearest us
[613] was named Wof (household 1, family line 2). He dwelt a few yards from our
[114] hut with his first wife Kaya, his levirate wife Chinuwa, his adopted son Hay (a nephew), his adopted daughter Buka (a neice), and his stepson Kum (Chinuwa's son by her former husband). Wof was a man of about forty-five whose skin is grey and scaly from tinea. He had the reputation of being a powerful sorcerer.

Adjacent to Wof's house, the rather dilapidated dwelling of Yowaka stood (household 2). She was an old woman who could not walk because of a great sore on her leg but who made up for that with her sharp tongue and loud voice. She was the widow of Yaramp, Wof's first cousin, and the mother of Mar (see household 3). Living with her was Mar's betrothed, Yawa, a rather unattractive and lazy adolescent girl.

Yowaka's son, Mar (household 3, family line 2), the owner of the third dwelling in this cluster, was a tall gangling youth who had not adjusted very well to Kwoma society. He showed marked anxiety about expressing himself sexually and aggressively, and appeared unable to measure up to the standards of behavior set by the culture with respect to these drives. With him lived his adolescent sister Awa; two of his father's brother's children--

1 [i.e. Hard-Analyst]

Chapter II
Record of Events
Kwoma--Diary

October 12, 1936.

114 Yesterday was Sunday according to our figurings; it is the second Sunday
[123] since we arrived here. The Waskuk* with a finish/timer as their spokesman, declared that no work was to be done since it was Sunday. They were probably testing us out to see whether we were "missin" or not, for yesterday construction went on as usual on our house boy's houses. The houses were nearly completed, except for a few finishing touches. They also constructed an outhouse for us.

342 Numb's house is almost square, constructed in the same manner as ours with frame and maratta roof. There are no porches on the gable end, but instead, a low verandah or gallery formed by setting the side wall back about three feet from the edge of the floor and under the eves on the south side. The walls consist of stiff thick reeds bound together like a weir of fence, and held together by two sets of strips bound to each other
352 with rattan wound spirally between each reed. Numb is now making a bed. The uprights of the house form three of its posts and fourth is stuck through the floor in the middle of the room. He had bound cross pieces between these posts and is now nailing slats across parallel to the shorter side. Over this he intends to put a mattress of the same stiff reeds at right angles to the slats. Numb is very proud of his house and considers it quite superior to anything that the Waskuk could construct.

342 Wiaep's house is peculiar in that the roof was taken from an old
[483] tumbled down Waskuk house and was carried up bodily by about thirty-five of the Waskuks and set in place--a no small feat since the only mechanical device was two or three forked sticks which they used to extend their reach when the top edge of the roof was lifted onto the ridgepole. Also they set up a scaffolding of a pole lashed between the uprights.

[101] * Waskuk is the name by which the Kwoma were known by the Australian administration.

123 There was an interesting occurrence when we were giving out the laplaps. We had just cut the last one that was wanted when up stepped Hamb, a youth of about seven who always went around naked as the others of his age. I couldn't help laughing at this and said, "Oh, come now Hamb, you don't want a laplap". The Washuk joined in the kidding and laughter, and as a result the poor boy was quite put out and began to look very hurt and tears came to his eyes. Whether or not the others would have kidded him without my starting it or not, I don't know. Anyhow, I felt sorry for him and gave him a small piece of cloth.

After the payment was all settled and everyone seemed to be satisfied; I walked down the hill to the stream to bathe. On the way, several of the Washuk "finished timers" spoke to me in a hushed voice as if they were telling me a secret of great importance. They said there was to be a "singsing" the day after tomorrow at Bongus and that we could watch it. I thanked them and am looking forward to the event.

October 13, 1936.

• 114 Yesterday passed rather uneventfully except that I tried to make a deck chair with a piece of canvas and some saplings bound together. I didn't have enough canvas to finish it, and the part that I did finish was rather rickety. Hamb said it was no good and to throw it away, and I guess he was right. At lunch, I was determined to try the gypsy stove which we had brought with us. Hamb had refused to use it, considering his open fire much better. I transferred some embers from the fire to the stove and tried to kindle them in the stove. Some of the Washuks were 372 watching and took over after my unsuccessful attempts. To make a fire they put a live ember under a little pile of dry chips, and after blowing on it, very shortly have a flame going. For firewood they use a very dry

372 brittle wood, dead and somewhat wormeaten. They break the wood in length varying from two to four feet and place it on the ground radially from a center. The fire burns only at the end of the logs with practically no flame or smoke, but with intense heat. As the logs burn, they are pushed toward the center of the fire. I can't decide whether it is the type of wood or the arrangement of it that produces such a fire.

• 114 I put some potatoes in the oven to bake and then some time later asked Kumb where the pigeon was. He had shot one the night before, and I had mentioned that I was going to roast it. He had thought I was kidding evidently, for it was already in his pot over the open fire. This was somewhat disconcerting, but as it turned out to be very tasty--probably more so than my attempt would have been--he couldn't but be forgiven. Kumb is a good cook. Since it was very hot after lunch, Tip and I both lay down, read, and dozed.

796 Today was the first day of the "singsing". Before we had finished breakfast, the gongs began beating. Soon after we finished eating and had treated the sores of a couple of youths that had come in, we started off to observe the ceremony. We were accompanied by Kar and Kumb who volunteered to show us the way. They led us down the north side of the mountain almost 346 to the edge of the sago plain--about a mile from our house. When we arrived, a couple of the "finish timers" came out and escorted us into the house tamberan.

[123]

The roof is arched; the ridgepole slants from the back to the front, where an extension overhangs the front of the building. The roof form is the same as the Purari delta type, but the building is not on piles. In the center of the house tamberan was an altar formed from a pile of yams and taro enclosed in a diamond-shaped kind of wicker basket. It was

796 Three of four of the natives followed up the hill, carrying the coconut
123 and yams for us. When they got to the top they begged us for some red paint, so we gave them a half-full tobacco tin, and they returned to the singsing. The drumming and singing continued all afternoon and at least as long as we were awake that evening. It was quite effective while we were lying in bed listening to it.

October 16,1936

123 Yesterday Wisep went to Yambon (a Sepik river village) and returned with three ducks to supply a few eggs for us. He also brought back his wife and child. The wife has [797] [91] [291] [177] spent some time at a mission somewhere, speaks pidgin and wears European clothes. She seems to have quite alot of natural dignity.

We worked on language both yesterday and today, correcting and revising.
126 We have a workable set of phonemes which are by no means final, but which seem
194 to coincide with the evidence that we have. For vowels we have found i, e, é, o, u and ŭ . Consonants b, d, g, (lenis and unaspirated) m, n, v (bilabial) s, š , y, j, l and ar. The unvoiced complements of some of these are found in whispered syllables; quite a few of these syllables are found in the final position. The general structure of the language seems to be cvcvcvCV.
126 Length and stress seem to vary together. We have recorded the names of the
193 various parts of the body, and quite a few everyday objects; a few of the more common verbs and some of their variant forms. The word order seems to be noun-adjective-verb. There are singular, plural, and dual pronomial forms which vary when used subjectively or objectively. Subject precedes object. He is the imperative particle, sage expresses negation. We have not been able to make much sense out of tenses yet.

114 Yesterday the houseboys dug a garden and we planted some sweetcorn, watermelon, beets and lettuce. Let's hope it comes up.

123 Toward evening about a dozen of the natives had gathered around our
526 house and we went out to talk to them. Soon we were idly tossing stones. They threw by stiffly rocking their whole bodies back and holding their wrists stiff. They did bend their elbows, however. None of them could throw as far as either Tip or I, but their accuracy at short distances was amazing. Approximately every other shot would hit a small sapling about twenty yards away.

114 While Tip and I were playing cribbage just before supper, it began to
132 rain-- a downpour with quite a strong wind. The house began to leak in various unsuspected places, particularly right over my head, where it came through with a gush and startled me. The storm lasted about half an hour when the wind shifted and the rain stopped. The wind is very peculiar here. It will blow up very strongly for about a minute and then will drop to almost an absolute calm for another minute.

796 Yesterday was supposed to be the second day of the singsing, but in the
764 morning Mar came to tell us that it had been postponed because someone had died the night before. He was a young man who had been sick for quite a while. We did not think it wise to be too inquisitive, but found out that he had not been buried, but "hung up". The singsing began again today however.

796 During breakfast we heard the gongs and chanting start, so we ate
[114] quickly and started down the hill. By this time the drumming and singing had stopped.

796 When we reached the house tamberan, several of the natives greeted us
346 and shook our hands. Everyone talked with a hushed voice, explaining to us that
778 the singsing had not yet begun. We were led up to the altar which had been
[123] rearranged since the previous day of the singsing. It was in the shape of an inverted truncated cone about four feet high constructed from net bags stretched

796 however, partook of both. Tip and I tried the yam-coconut combination--
264 mashed yams with hunks of coconut mixed in-- which was really pretty good. It
[262] was served in a halved coconut shell accompanied by a European spoon. When
[123] the other meal combination was brought to us, to avoid repeating the previous
[177] experience, we said the second type meal was taboo to us. This was another good joke which was repeated around the house tamberan.

796 After the meal was over we were again given a coconut and a couple of
123 yams and told to go home. One of the "savvy talks" carried the gifts for us. The singsing continued all that afternoon, evening and ended the next
[562] morning. The women and children had come, we were told, in the afternoon
858 soon after we had left, and remained there until the end.

It is not too good to be sent away in the middle of things, but I feel that by the time they have another singsing we will perhaps have their confidence enough to be given more freedom. I think they are a little mistrustful of white men after the shooting episode in 1928.

October 18, 1936.

114 Yesterday was spent around the house, working on language with various
[122] informants who came to see what was going on. It is coming slowly but surely. Late in the afternoon we went for a bath. We have discovered a pool in the little stream across the valley. It is about a mile away-- a journey of precarious footing up and down the mountain, but nevertheless, pretty nice once we get there. The pool is a hollow worn in the rock at the bottom of a little waterfall, about three feet deep in places, and affords a combination of shower and bath. The water seems very cold, but much to our amazement, we found it to be 78° when we checked.

October 20, 1936.

114 Yesterday after breakfast Mar took us to the place where he and his father were planting yams. We had made the arrangements the day before; Mar had said that it was not very far away, and so, despite the rain, we decided to go. [134] [133] What a trip! The soil here is largely made up of a sort of greasy mica which is the next thing to ice in slipperyness when it gets wet. Further, almost the entire journey was either up or down slopes varying from thirty to sixty degrees. Occasionally the tree roots provided some foothold, or in the steepest places little niches had been cut into the mud. Most of the time we were 'skating'. At least a dozen times my feet suddenly went out from under me and I fell. Tip was wearing leather boots and therefore did not fare so badly [48] as I with my tennis shoes. Mar, barefoot, padded along with a knee bending, heel and toe gait which allowed most of the surface of his splay feet to be on the ground at one time. He never seemed to slip. After about two and a half hours, we finally arrived at the 'bush house', soaked by rain and mud from without, and sweat from within.

126 While we were taking notes on the material culture we found there, Mar, 123 and Marok, who was already there when we arrived, cooked some yams for us. 262 They were boiled in a round bottomed pot made without kick. (These pots 252 are made by the coiling method and traded with the River people for shells.) [415] They also cooked a bird of paradise which Tip had shot on the way with the twenty- [323] two. It was placed on the fire, feathers and all. By the time it was done [439] the feathers had all burned off. The meat was then torn off and eaten. It [263] tasted excellent; the yams with some salt on them were good too. This salt [317] was some that we had given them, but they say that they have a salt mine in the mountains somewhere.

123 After our meal, Sof took us to his house. We stopped to smoke a cigarette and then expected to see some yam planting, but the natives said that unless

123
114 we started back immediately it would be dark before we reached home. While it was disappointing not to see the gardening, we had observed enough to make the trip worthwhile. We finally reached our house more dead than alive. Tip's leather boots turned out to be not without their drawbacks, for he had developed a couple of very ugly blisters. We were so tired that night that we couldn't sleep.

October 23, 1936.

126 On the 20th it rained practically all day and we sat at home working on the
114 notes we had collected the day before and some more on the language. On the 21st it rained intermittently. Quite a few of the natives dropped in during
123 the day and we recorded their genealogies. We were disconcerted and somewhat
[754] cast-down by the fact that a report came in from several sources that the older men were attempting to sorcerize us. They did not like the idea of our playing father to the children and young men, or keeping them from their work.
[648] Yesterday, however, we were relieved by talking to Sof, one of the men who
[464] had worked on a white plantation. He came in with a bunch of bananas to
[191] barter. He is an intelligent young man who speaks pidgin very well. We asked him about the reaction of the old men. At first he denied the report, but then admitted it. He told us not to pay any attention to the old men, however, for all the young men liked us and wanted us to stay. He added very expressively in pidgin that he didn't have a damn for the old men, and we shouldn't either.

126 Then he gave us an excellent and complete genealogy; we took his physical measurements, and got some information from him on the social organ-
615 ization. Both Bangus and Waskuk have three phratries each with a name and a
582 house tamberan.* A man belongs to the phratry of his father and cannot marry a woman of this phratry. Although he may marry into the section of his mother, it is preferable not to do so. As Sof expressed it, the phratry with which you

* This turned out to be a misinterpretation (see introduction)

582 615 have no connection is number one, your mother's number two, and your father's number three in preference. To marry outside the tribe was all right. In his particular case, he had been a Waskuk lad adopted by a Bangus family. The taboo worked for him both in regard to his own and to his adopted family's social groups, so there was a taboo phratrie for him in both Bangus and Waskuk. [595] He actually had two wives, one a Bangus and the other a Waskuk, but each of them were members of the preferred phratrie.

123 When he left after the morning's work, we gave him a bottle of bay rum and a paring knife for his bananas; he went away apparently very pleased.

124 [622] [648] [141] [614] In the afternoon, Sovinambi, the Bangus lulusi (a chief appointed by the Australians) came to visit. He is one of the older men of influence, and we were pleased to see that he was very friendly toward us. He knows only a few words of pidgin, but by a combination of that and the little Waskuk that we know, we were able to get a check on the phratries and their names, and also the social divisions of the other tribes of the culture area, Tangwishamp, Urambanj and Koriasi. According to him the first and last have four divisions each, and Urambanj only two. The native names for these phratries is koromp. Our attempts to get his genealogy were not very successful.

423 The property question is going to be fun. In getting the names of geographical features, particularly mountains nearby, we've been told by some that they belong to individuals, and by others that they belong to the tribe as a whole. A Waskuk told me that all the biggest mountains were his peoples' and that the Bangus owned one measly little hill near the swamp.

103 The Sepik, a few curving miles of which we can see down below between the Ambunti and Wasoku ranges is called nambu.

114 People on the coast can hear our groans of despair whenever we stop and go over our special problems, wondering if we'll ever get evidence which is pertinent to them. Our discouragement however, is not official.

October 27, 1936.

114 The day before yesterday Nasb went home (on the Sepik river) to put a roof on his house which he had started to build before coming to work for us. He will be gone three days and Wisep will do the cooking -- even though he doesn't know much about it. We spent the morning working up our notes and the afternoon reading and playing pounce -- a game Tip has taught me, and at which he beats me regularly.

754 Yesterday the gongs were going almost all day. A man was sick and the
755 gongs were 'talking' against those who had poisoned (black magic) him. Mar, our houseboy, came in very worried and said he wished we would take him to America; he did not like this fashion of making poison. Everyone
[123] seemed to be rather upset about the situation. Tip and I felt that perhaps we were suspected because another man had died just after we had arrived. Mar seemed to be doubly afraid because he was working for us.

114 Toward evening I went out to see if I could shoot a pigeon with the
761 .22. Gyiyap and Sof came with me. When we had gone a short way down the path, suddenly one of the gongs began to beat in a very slow and measured manner. Both of them stopped short and their faces fell. The man had
[602] died. Sof was the classificatory brother of the dead man and seemed quite upset. His jaw worked and he looked very serious. Then he delivered a very bitter tirade against the making of poison. It was a "fashion no good". The man who had died shortly after our arrival and the one who had just died had been brothers; neither had been sick very long nor were they old men. Since they were Bangus, the Waskuk were suspected -- "fashion no good". We continued down the path, but both Gwiyap and Sof were preoccupied,
764 said that the pigeons had all gone, so we returned. Almost as soon as the gong had started to toll, a wailing began...women's voices, some high,

764 [415] Next a bamboo filled with water (the usual method of carrying water) was carried up the ladder by Afalowanj, an old man; he was assisted by two other men in washing the body. Meanwhile the "savvy talks" broke the points of two spears formerly belonging to the deceased. These were passed up the ladder to the cubicle and lashed crossways over the body. The arms and legs of the body were lashed to the floor, and the burial was complete. The undertakers climbed down the ladder and went off to wash, saying that they would meet me at the house tamberan, where sortly[1] thereafter the gong tolled. As I was leaving, I heard one of the women inside of the house sobbing instead of wailing in the patterned manner.

754 Wof and some others were already at the house tamberan when I arrived. Later some of those who had officiated at the funeral came. The conversation once again turned to poison. Kwonai described the process by which he considered the men to have been killed. The group had calmed down considerably and now discussed the affair much more matter-of-factly than they had previously. They were still bitter toward the perpetrator of the deed and seemed to be afraid for their own safety. Kwonai told me someone had stolen a bit of food which the deceased had carelessly thrown away; the evil doer had then carried it to Koriyasi, who had performed a magical rite on it. They had put the leavings in a tall narrow pot, filled it half full of water, and let it boil away until only the sediment of the food remains were left. A bamboo of cold water was then poured into the pot and on the fire. That is followed by an explosion of steam. The food disappears, and soon afterward the man died.

114 October 28-Nov. 9, 1936. A week ago Friday, October 30, Tip and I went in to Ambunti to spend the weekend for the sake of a holiday. Bob Overall had brought the mail up the river that morning, so we were greeted with a very welcome packet of letters. George and Max (a medical assistant

[1] [i.e., shortly - analyst]

114 stationed at Ambunti) were very gracious to us. We relaxed, talked, played cards, and read. Tip went back Monday, but Max persuaded me to stay at the station until the sores on my legs were cleared up. I had gathered quite a number of these by scratching mosquito bites until they became infected. The sores were not bad, but Max was afraid that they might turn into tropical ulcers if they were not attended to. By Thursday I was completely cured and already had my luggage packed in the canoe when the gongs began beating at Malu, a couple of miles down the river, announcing a pinnace. I decided to wait in case there might be more mail. It was Townsend, the District Officer in charge of the whole Sepik area making a patrol of the sub-stations. Soon after he arrived another pinnace arrived. It was bringing Purshouse, a cadet who was to accompany Townsend up the river to the Yellow River station. Counting McKechney, the engineer of Townsend's pinnace, that made six Europeans at the station--quite a remarkable occurrence. Max and George had to combine resources to seat us all that night for dinner. The mail situation was disappointing--only three Sydney papers and the September issue of the Pacific Island Monthly. I got a ride on the pinnace up to the lake below Waskuk. They towed my canoe; it was a much more comfortable mode of travel. Once, however, the pinnace turned suddenly to avoid a log, and the canoe filled with water and almost swamped. I held it up by the tow rope while the natives bailed it out. My luggage, however was soaked, but there was no serious damage.

796 November 9, 1936. Tip was in good health when I returned. There had been a
346 singsing while I was gone to celebrate the building of a new house tamberan.
346 (I will copy his notes) " The new house tamberan belongs to Soniyambi of the wayambanri sib at Bangus. It may be said to start when the 1'x1½' center posts (kwati) and beams and rafters are cut and stripped of their

796 346 comes by going home to sleep. This day is for rest. Tomorrow the singsing will go on to its conclusion."

755 754 [796] The "singsing" did not go on, however. It was postponed because one of the Bangus men was very sick, and all attention was turned to beating the gongs against poison. This was going on when I returned along with a lot of talk about the evils of poison, and not knowing what the place was coming to with so much of it being practiced. Two men have died within [123] a month, and now another one from the same sib is about to go. Tip went to look at this man before we went to Ambunti and gave him some quinine. The [753] next day he was better, and we thought he was cured. It seems, however, that the natives are so sure that he is poisoned that they are turning their attention to it rather than asking for more medicine.

[752] The poison situation was further aggravated by the fact that two days ago a young "monki" from Waskuk was cutting wood with his father and a tree fell on him and crushed his skull. He is still alive, but there is no hope for him. The natives recognize this as an accident, but now the Waskuk gongs are beating against poison. We have had no direct evidence that we [123] are considered responsible for the bad luck that seems to have hit the tribe, but it would be peculiar if some did not think that we were the cause of it. They always deny this if directly questioned. Last night Kum told Wie not to allow any old men into his house or he might be poisoned. This is all a very interesting situation, and when we know the language a little better, we can understand more about it.

114 November 10, 1936. Yesterday afternoon we were sitting out in front of our [372] house with a group of natives. [We have fixed up a small courtyard there and built a little fire in the center of it, for this seems to be an essential part of a native gathering. They use it to dry their tobacco and light their cigarettes.]

000
482 their cigarettes.] While we were sitting there a group of women came by carrying firewood in their large net bags. Women carry large net bags with the handle across their forehead and the bag over their back. Men carry much smaller ones at their side with the handles over their shoulder.
562 The women went by us quickly with their eyes on the ground. When they were past us, they stopped and a couple of the older ones spoke to some of the men. They stood with their backs toward us, looking over their shoulders. We have observed this back-to pose several times before. I don't know whether it is an indication of their status with regard to men. They always seem to be uncomfortable when they are in a male gathering. Several times girls have gathered firewood for us to get pay in beads. They will dump their firewood quickly and stand shyly away from any group of men which might be there until they receive their pay. When we have seen them in their own house, they have seemed much more sure of themselves, but still tend to turn their backs to you and avoid your gaze. Old women
[855] are much less shy than younger ones. This situation is going to make it
[123] difficult for my special project, for children up to the age of four or five are constantly with their mothers. I guess it will be a matter of biding my time until I can make an entré into a family group. I feel confident that this will be possible.

114 November 13, 1936. On the nights of the eighth, ninth, and tenth, there
132 was a terrific wind blowing in gusts which shook the house with their violence. They blew our mosquito nets about and made it impossible to
[136] sleep. This wind also brought up a great cloud of hungry mosquitoes from the Sepik which made the days intolerable also, so as a result, we did very little work, but instead talked about how we wished we were home.

211 Tip made an excursion across the valley to the west toward Koriasi, and there found a rather interesting thing. He came upon a small clearing

126 which seems to mean 'sacred' is the term for the ghosts of powerful men,
196 for the big masks on the alter at the "singsing", and is a special term of greeting meaning something like 'hail, powerful man' or perhaps more accurately it is a sort of cult shibboleth. Then there is sukwiyawf which is 'to dream' and sukwif which is the term for "singsing" and another term for the sacred masks. Since they translate dreaming into pidgin as "look in tamberunk(ghosts)," there are seems to be some connection which may throw some interesting light on their theory of dreams. We have already noted that the subject of their dreams is almost universally dead people. Such a bias would have to be allowed for if any Freudian interpretation was attempted....Then there is the term wofu which means 'mother's brother's wife' and 'lungs'. This we can make no sense of except that the lungs are thought to be non-functional appurtenances.

124 This reminds me that a week or so ago, Kar, one of the most intelligent of the "savvy talks", came in and we got from him their knowledge of anatomy. (See Part III, Ethnophysiology)

● 114 To get back to the present, after we had finished the dictionary, there was a rainy spell. No informants came around, and we did not feel like sloshing around to look them up. Both of us were pretty low. We figured that we hadn't gotten anything worth while, and the chances of our doing so were pretty slim. We felt that the people were so scattered about that it was very difficult to observe anything like village life, let alone anything on our special projects. We even thought of moving to some other place - Yambon, for instance. We were not very serious about this, however, because it would not be worth while to lose what little we already had.

124 The only thing to break the monotony of the rainy days was a great deal of talk one evening down below at Wof's house. He is our nearest neighbor and his house is about forty or fifty yards down the hill. This talk kept
000 up long after they were settled for the night. It turned out the next

It turned out the next
787 morning that the wife of Mar (Wof's adopted son and one of our houseboys) had become possessed by a spirit which was talking through her. The words she spoke were unintelligible this time, but often they can be understood.
[789] Such possession is used to detect thiefs. The voices heard were Wof exorcising this ghost. The general opinion was that the ghost was angry at him and so he remained in his house and shouted at the possessed woman in the next house to frighten the ghost away. He evidently was successful,
[115] for there were no dire effects. We got the account from the kids, so it
[614] is not very clear, but it gives us a lead. According to them only two or
[562] three persons in each sib can be possessed, and these are of either sex. What it means beyond this we don't know as yet.

114 December 3, 1936. It was a bright cool day today,; the temperature at dawn
[132] was 68 which is the lowest we have observed. This change buoyed up our
124 spirits considerably, and they were even more raised when Marok, who is probably the most respected of the older men of the tribe, and a person of striking dignity, came to pay us a visit. He had come around previously when we were working on kinship. We asked him who his father and mother,
[123] etc. were. He told us, but immediately asked us the same questions. When we told him, he repeated them over very interestedly, thus putting us all on an equal footing.

614 Today we started by asking him (Mamok) what sugilawas meant, and
769 found out that there were four belonging to his sib (Sombundura). Long
[532] ago, each was an important man, and each is represented by a different mask which is exhibited in the house tamberan at the time of a ceremony. This suggested to him a list of plants and animals which 'belonged' to his sib: pig, gouria pigeon, cassowary, an edible leaf, and the large yam. These are in some way connected with their original ancestors, "they came up

164 on the knee. Luckily Max Mann, the medical assistant from Ambunti is due
[125 here in a few days on his patrol.
657]

124 Now that we are beginning to know individuals by name in a wider circle and their kinship ties, we are finding several corrections that must be made in the schematic kinship system given above. We are now able to get geneologies from older men and those who do not speak pidgin. These are not reliable of course, but they give us names, marriage connexions, and
572 inter-tribal affiliations which serve as leads. The term naremboy we find
[192] has a deeper meaning than friend. It seems to be used to address a limited number of individuals (and their wives) of different sibs of the same age grade. Such boys or men are the ones who are scarified or who will be scarified at the month long ceremony in one of the house tamberans. They are carved up on the same bark slab according to some order which we don't
[264] yet know. Later on when one's naremboy dies, the others get particular parts of the skeleton; jaw-bone, ulnar, and collar-bone.

114 Speaking of interruptions, we have had a young man from Yelagu around the house from time to time. He is a fugitive from this place, a little bush-village several miles back, as yet unvisited by the government. John has worked a bit with him on vocabulary, Yelagu talk being a little different
[158] from Hongwan. The story is that he is insane and that his reason for being here is that he killed his wife and fears revenge from her family if he
114 returns. Just as we were finishing lunch today, Mundik , this fellow by name,
627 came up to the cook house with his wrists tightly bound, hands greatly swollen, teeth missing, and suffering from several bruises on the face. His story is that he was attending the second burial of a Wenyabankura sib woman, an affinal relation. After the distribution of the food at the house,

114 he had presumed to go to the house tamberan where the big men were blowing
627 the sacred flutes. Here they had given him a beating, but he had escaped and sought to hide in another house. This belonged to one of the four "finish time" boys who have broken their contracts and are hiding from the "kiop". This man and others turned on him, tied him up, and gave him an all night beating.

We called out for a Hongwum "navi-talk" . He came up and was not at all surprised. His story was that Mundik had tried to 'pull' or kill one of the Wanyabenkurs women, that he was crazy, and that they had tied him up to
[648] protect themselves. They knew that the "kipp" had tabooed killing. I'm
[123] sure that that alone saved Mundik's life. He is seeking sanctuary in our house now, which means that we will have to tread with care. We will send him to Ambunti and request that he be given work there. He will have to take his chances with the law, but that is probably safer than spears if he stays around here-- or returns to his village.

614 To return to more mundane things, we have been revising the lists of 'totems' which we first got from some of the "monkis". These are called samba and include a hawk and a pig which are connected with the ancestry of two of the peoples in Hongwum. We have also been corrected by different informants when we said that tobacco was one of Rumbiman's samba. John discovered that two other groups are combined in the Hongwum sib and got some
174 very interesting leads regarding sib history. The two punitive expeditions to Hongwum in 1913 and 1928 serve as rough pegs for time-perspective. There have been many changes within this period which may be able to throw some light on the problem of social change.

745 sorrow. Six gongs ranging in size from 4' to 10' to 12' are beaten with
533 tremendous vim. Each man has two strikers, one in either hand. With the
534 left they keep up a light and rapid beat while with the right they pound out the changes according to a prearranged score. From the discussions and hummings which go on before a round is played , I think that these may be made up on the spur of a new idea. The pair of flutes, on the other hand, plays duets which are stereotyped. Two duets that I have , rather simple ones, are said to represent the flying fox and a small white pigeon.

As for recording the garamut 'talk' and beating of the hand drums, we are at a loss as to how to record them. The rhythm seems like no rhythm at all and even when it is tapped out on a table we soon get lost in a maze of short, long and intermediate beats.

124 Our houseboys are serving as occasional informants so that we can get some sort of a comparative picture. John has done some work on language and I have a kinship system of sorts. The boys are not too long on memory but
114 their wives are better informed. We are going to Yambon for a few days just before Christmas to trace down various connections with that culture which we have come across here. There are three or four other places around and about which we hope to visit. We have a plan which might be valuable to other field workers who might consider coming to New Guinea. This is to gather all the information that we can about places and cultures of this section of the Territory where work could be done. Mr. Eve gave us a good start with all that he knew at first hand.

461 We find so far that it is well nigh impossible to make appointments with informants. This is not because the men are lazy and sit about all day-- on the contrary they strike us as being an exceedingly industrious people. Too much so for the arm chair field worker. But then it's all to the good to board them in their own dens if we can find them at home.

796 keen enjoyment but no abandon--in what we have seen. We can see how the steady hour-long sound and movement would prepare the group to go out and spear a few of the out-group; we could feel a little of this ourselves.

796 123 We were told repeatedly that what we had seen at this ceremony was to be kept to ourselves; we were not to tell our house-monkis or any men who were not initiates. Of course women could not be told either. The younger boys were much impressed by our attendance. They were amused but a little shocked when John told them that the noise of the big gong was only a bullamukau. The savi talks however thought this a good explanation.

796 123 183 My monki, Gwiyap, also reminded me that I couldn't say anything about the affair to a non-initiate, for the knowledge alone is supposed to cause sickness and death; and then proceeded to outline the whole ceremony for me! He said that when his father was near death, he had told him all about this and other ceremonies and had told him that there was nothing to fear; men, not spirits, ruled this singsing. Another crack in the 'cake of custom'.

114 Our boy, Mar (see Dec. 9, 1936), is now well on the road to recovery. The snake has been 'raised' from his belly he believes, and his strength is slowly returning. He is very much quieter than when we first knew him, although he may be merely making the most of his convalescence to avoid work. We have taken on another lad from Yambon in the meantime, so we will not have to lose our tempers in order to have a good supply of firewood and water.

657 179 Max Mann, our good friend the young Medical Assistant of Ambunti, came here on the annual medical patrol on the 12th. This was a welcome break for us and for him too. He is not underworked by any means, having about 100 in his "house sick" to look out for and many patrols to make as well. His visit stirred up the people here as it always does, but after waiting

648 The Yellow River station is being closed because it is a very unhealthy
657 place and the natives are few. And there is another gold rush on over behind Wewak, so all the men that can be spared are needed there.

114 We were much less interested in governmental affairs than in whether the pinnace had brought us mail. When Max left us the next day, he crossed two carriers with a big pile of it for us. Its bulk was due to six weeks daily issues of the Sydney Morning Herald. All of the first week in November's copies were missing, but in the last issue we had, that of Nov. 12th, we found that U.S. stocks had been climbing 'since Roosevelt's election'. Then we sent the natives packing and sat down for an afternoon of finding out what our friends and relations had been doing all summer.

We had been planning to leave here on the 20th to spend Christmas at Ambunti. First however, we were going to Yambon to spend four days
648 tracing down connections between these people and ours. They traded with
[439] them long before the white men came, getting cowrie and sea shells from
[198] them as they do today; in myths, the Yambon people are thought to have come
[193] up one time with some of our Hongwem; and the Kwoma people hid the Yambons fifteen years or more ago when the government was up here straightening out the village with rifles and fire.

114 The day before yesterday we had a note from Varey, the Police Master at Ambunti, saying the Assistant District Officer Ellis was sending up a pinnace for the four of us to come down to Angoram for Christmas. Ellis is the man who is the boss of the whole river, so we think this is a sufficient call to allow us a few days leave. Thus we will go to Ambunti tomorrow to meet Ellis on his way down and then go to Yambon for the following few days until our transport arrives.

123
114
231
[439]

Today was full of excitement for us here. Five men from Yambon have been up here for the last two days trying to capture and buy a large tamed pig, because as they say "no good blut bilong man 'e go down along pig". So our cook boy was requested to bring a shotgun and kill the beast for them. Mamb thought that my .455 English Service revolver would be better so he said "ume go wantime". I was willing although I had shot my small cannon only half dozen times since buying it from Max Mann when we first came up the river.

In the morning we started out for Marok's house on the most easterly spur of these mountains. When we reached Sombundure, his house tamberan, we found the men of Yambon sitting there waiting for word to be brought that the pig had come for its morning meal. [439] They showed us what they were paying for the pig: one axe, two 14" cane knives and the rest in shells. The latter consisted of one large polished clam shell, a half-dozen two foot ropes of ½ inch shell cylinders, a few strings of small cowries and an arm band and headdress of small cowries. The shells have definite values in shillings - and very high ones too. The single clam shell for example being worth 5 marks. In all there was about thirty shillings worth of shell money. "Something nothing" compared to the bride-price John was told.

Finally a monki came running down with word that the pig had come to the house. Mamb and I hastened along the path a few hundred yards to Marok's house. Here we found quite a crowd sitting quietly while a woman fed one of two pigs some sago. I was in a quandry as to which was the one to be shot, and there was such an under-current of excitement that I had trouble finding out. When I was sure, they kept whispering to go ahead and shoot, but the woman still stood close by and I feared hitting her instead of the pig. Finally she put down the sago and moved off giving us a

123
114
23

broadside shot at not more than thirty feet. I drew a quick aim and fired - the pig, just ahead of Hamb, instead of dropping in its tracks, went bounding off into the bush. This was very bad, for not only would the sale fall through but the pig might go off and die in the bush. So a chase started then that was to last until after noon. John had come up with his .22 with a crowd of men as soon as they had heard us fire. We all began to scour the bush nearby and to get scoured ourselves by creepers, branches and nettles. The men and boys suddenly all had spears and the hunt was on. We who had guns were called all over the district by people who had just seen the pig. John saw it once and had two shots at it, but the .22 didn't kill it.

When we gathered together again at Marok's house, speculation was rife as to what had happened. Hamb swore that we both had hit it and that he had seen the holes the bullets had made. Inasmuch as I found the one bullet I was able to fire in the ground under the spot where the pig had stood, I am almost sure that I didn't hit it. Hamb's story was believed by [778] most everyone. Then it appeared that the pig was sugiliwas, and some supernatural agency had come down into it and given it power to run away. Marok seemed very proud of what the pig had done and told us that the pig was his people's (Wanyi) totem. Some said that it was naara, his sugiliwas, that was in the beast and wouldn't let it go until night because it didn't want Marok to sell his pig. We were quite willing to accept any such explanation for the sake of our reputations as marksmen.

The wear and tear on our clothes and bodies during the morning was terrific. John turned his nose into a yam stick in a headlong fall down a muddy slope, and I got a stitch in my side which made my eyes pop from answering false alarms at the house on top of the mountain. A hairless goat might feel at home in these surroundings, but as yet we can't even bleat.

114 February 11, 1936. Since the last installment, there had been a trip to Yambon where the mosquitoes were plentiful and the heat intense: a long forlorn wait at Ambunti for a pinnace to take us down the river for Christmas, but none came; a trip to Tangwishamp where they told me that the next village had murdered Mr. Eve and all his party, which got me pretty scared; a visit from Bob Overall, a recruiter, who bought five boys here and entertained us for three days with tales of his experiences on the river and elsewhere; and a trip to the Yellow river station by Tip, who will write about it later in this document.

128 Anything like a day by day account, is of course impossible, so I think the best thing to do at this point is to summarise the culture

133 briefly as it looks to us at this point. The Kwoma is a group of mountains running north and west of the government station at Ambunti which are known as the Peilungua range. The Sepik river runs around the south and east edges of these mountains, and the great sago plane which stretches to the Dutch border and to the sea bounds them on the west and north. From Ambunti station at their south-eastern tip, to Tangwishamp at their north-western is a distance of about ten miles. The mountains consist of a series of short ridges running in all directions, the general trend being in the form of a s, its beginning at Ambunti, its end at Tangwishamp, we being situated about in the middle of the diagonal. The slopes of these ridges are very precipitous; it is usually necessary either to dig ones feet into the earth or to hold onto vines and roots to keep ones footing.

[137] A dense forest of large trees covers the whole area except for small garden plots cleared here and there. The highest point, Ambunti Mountain, is 1320 ft. above sea level.

123 the child didn't seem to mind. I played with him, much to the amusement of the women. Then I gave him back to Yat who played with him for a moment and passed the child to Kar. He gave the baby to Hamb who took it to its mother.

124 754 We talked about Suw; Kar, Kis and Yat said that it was sorcery and went over the rigamarole about making sorcery that it was a native custom and that if the important men of Hongwam would come to see the boy, he wouldn't be sick. If they came, the sorcery would go away and he would be better again.

614 593 562 [591] [241] [423] The importance of a son's growing up to take over the activities of the sib was stressed. Girls are not important because when they marry, they go to another house tamberan. The boys are important because they are needed to take care of the coconut trees, betel nut, and other crops planted here. They stressed the fact that the ground itself belonged to them, needed caretakers, and told the story of the projected new house tamberan to be built when Gwiyap, May, Fit, Mar, Kam, and Gampi were big enough.

114 [443] [685] December 16, 1936. I wrote letters all day. We got news that Suw was better "liklik". Today is the market with Yambon--Hamb went down and found his canoe has been smashed by Brugnuwi; he was annoyed and wants to go to Ambunti to make court. We told him it was alright. He has to wait for the Yambons who are buying a pig from Marok for their sing-sing -- so he went to help them. Soon after lunch Tip's nareuboy, Mangwiyaf, and three or four others came in, 'Sourpuss' being one of them. We talked with them. Mangwiyaf said that his canoe (the one Eve's boy took) was at Ambunti and asked if we would bring it back for him. We agreed. Then he said that the second bunch of bananas were pretty nearly ripe, and he would bring them in. Mangwiyaf had sat down and pretty soon when our talk ran out, he lay

114 [123] down and said he was going to sleep. He joined in the conversation about our going, and expressed friendship--would be sorry to see us go--were we coming back?--Maybe! If not send a couple more masters just like us back [521] to take our places. They discussed the buying of sugiliwas, spears, etc., and the possibility of a sing sing. Everyone was very much pleased.

114 648 Mow came from Ambunti with tobacco and a note from Varey saying to come on the day after tomorrow which we decided to do. On our way to baths, Kumb, Kar, Waf, War, and others were sitting in the police house talking. Mar stopped and seemed worried. The boys with me told them something. They set off at a run. Mar stopped and asked what was up. It turned out to be that they were going to see "finish timer" returning from ten years at Madang.

123 231 Kumb came back and told us that the pig had gotten away from them and asked if we would shoot it tomarrow.

December 17, 1936. We set off after breakfast with the revolver, .44, a shot gun and the .22. The Yambons gathered in Sombindura house tamberan. A pig was being called up to the house, and we were to wait. We discussed [435] the price of the pig. At Yambon the price of a pig was laid out for us to see--2 14" cane knives, a small ax, and a bilum (net bag) of tambu (shell money). [One large shell = five shillings; one head band = five shillings (each finger represents a shilling); one head band with three fingers = three shillings; one string of shell cut into washers = five shillings; and three or four strings of small shells worth two to three shillings. About 30 shillings worth of shell.]

A boy came from Marok's saying the pig had come. Tip, Kumb, and a Yambon went while the rest of us stayed.

231 The chase was more or less every man for himself. There was quite
123 a good deal of shouting. They went down hill first in the direction the
114 pig had taken. Tip and a couple of others tried to track it, but with no success. We came back to the house tamberan, and someone shouted that it had been seen south of us -- half a dozen of us ran there. Abagap and Mem told us to stand in a line in the road; they had grabbed spears from a house that we passed, but nothing happened. We returned to Marok's and shouted that the pig was in the other direction and dashed there. I followed Mem going down on a side path. Mem beckoned excitedly, and I came up. There was a pig below us coming toward us. I wanted to wait until it got nearer, but Mem kept telling me to hurry. Then I shot twice with the 22, and felt pretty sure I had hit him the first time. There was much dashing about. Someone began following some tracks that led north. We came upon a house, but there was no time to inquire about it. Then we lost the tracks. There was more shouting; another line formed on the road, but nothing happened. We returned to Marok's, rushed out for a couple more false alarms, and returned for lunch.

Marok's explanation is that a <u>augiliwas</u> must have picked up the pig and is running about with it. This is also Memb's explanation. It seems to me that no one really believed this but used it in the same sort of way that we have of making some excuse for failure. Ghosts are very convenient explanations.

254 Later Yat came up and said that Suw was all right. Someone had
648 admitted that he had been sold poison and had since relinquished it. Yat
464 and Kar are here now and say that Bob Overall, the recruiter, is coming up to get boys, and they are upset about it. Too many boys have gone away. Wolosak said the same thing earlier in the afternoon; he wanted us to tell Overall not to come. They seemed to want us to forestall him. If

000 was well.

527 January 21, 1937. Gongs broke out with a 'singsing' rhythm from Wenyabankura
224 today. Mar and Gwiyap both jumped up very excitedly and wanted to go
504 immediately. They said it was a "sing sing belong pig". If a man kills a bush pig, and so wishes, he prepares it and carries it to the house tamberan. The feast is announced by the gongs, and anyone may come and partake. Kis just stopped in on his way there.

648 January 22, 1937. Bob Overall came last night to try to recruit some
464 boys. Yat and Kar and Kis came around. Bob called Kar a "monki nutin", which quite upset him. He said, "You'll see whether I am or not." The next morning when Bob went down to the house tamberan and spread out his trade, there were no boys and only a handful of old men. Mundik was the only one recruited. Kar came up with a black scowl on his face and told
[829] Mar and the others not by any means to go. Someone greeted him with "Good morning". He answered that this was "talk belong white man" and hence no good, and he would not have anything to do with it. Furthermore, he said that he could not get his house built because Mar and Gwiyap were working for us, and he stormed off down to Marck's house.

● 114 January 24, 1937. I went to Tangwishamp yesterday. Kar, Gwiyap, Mar, May, Mundik and three of Bob's boys went with me to carry trade and try to buy boys. Bob had a touch of fever. When we neared Tangwishamp, the three house boys got a bit nervous, especially May and Mar. We arrived at the Tangwishamp house tamberan to find no one was there. Finally a
114 "savvy talk" appeared, and we told him we wanted some food. He brought a
123 couple of dried up yams. I told him they were no good and not anywhere
439 near enough, but paid him with a harmonica. Finally he called out that the "master belong Rumbiman" (from Rumbim) was here and wanted kai kai (food),

123 They kept coming until finally we had quite alot of food and about fifty
439 people gathered around. Bob had said to wait until morning before I
114 tried buying, but I felt that I would not have so many people around me
again; so I broke out the trade and lined it up. At its first appearance
all the older men rounded the young men out of the way and would not let
them come to look at it. I asked the "savvy talk" what was the matter, and
he said that five boys had been taken out to work and had not come back,
and they would not let others go until they returned. Later I resumed the
114 trade again and had supper. After supper, I went down to the house
628 tamberan where a group was gathered around the fire. Kar was there, and
521 he interpreted for me. He told me that Tangwishamp and Hongwam were
[124] friendly; Urambanji and Saseraman were no good and that Tangwishamp and
Hongwam always combined against them. Then Kar's brother-in-law, who was
sitting next to me, told that once a Tangwishamp had gone to Urambanji. He
had sat down with them and started to eat in a friendly manner, just as we
were sitting now, but one of the Urambanj had grabbed the Tangwishamp and the
others had killed him. The Tangwishamp had not retaliated because the
police had tabooed it, and they didn't want to be hung. Then one of the
114 Tangwishamp told that some of them had been chased by the Amiki (a
648 neighboring tribe). They had been washing sago and had dropped everything
521 to run. One of them had been just missed by a hurled spear. They wanted
[123] me to tell this to the police so he would take steps against them. Then
114 Kar and some of the Tangwishamps began whispering, and then talking rather
521 excitedly. Kar asked if I understood. I knew they were talking about Eve
648 and the Amiki(wisepeju -to tuck, was used very often). Then Kar told me
that Eve and all his boys had been killed by the Amiki.. He had been
burned in the house tamberan, and his bones thrown into the water. The

114 Tangwishamp had gone with him as far as the market and then had returned.
521 Eve had gone in, bought food, shot a kaviak tree for demonstration
648 purposes, then had sent half his boys to fetch a pig that the Amikis had killed. While they were thus separated, the Amikis got their guns and then killed Eve and his boys; took all of Eve's trade, and divided it up. Then they burned their guns in the funeral pyre. The Tangwishamp said if I didn't believe it they would show me the fire scorched post in the
[123] house tamberan. They wanted me to get the police and some police boys and
[721] settle the matter. They would go too with their spears to get heads, birawa. I said that I had heard this talk of Eve before, but I had thought it was not true. They were very insistent that it was, and named about ten Amikis who had gotten heads at the time. I was still not sure that the story was true, but it was very convincing.

114 I went and told Hamb who was in the police house at the time with the recruiter's boys; their talk got quite excited. They said that Afokalis was very close, and if they had killed Eve, it must have been in collusion with the Tangwishamps; and if so, what was to prevent them from sending word to Afokalis to come over and kill us. At this point Mar said that he had overheard a couple of Tangwishamps exclaiming about the axes, knives, etc. that we had, saying that they would kill us during the night, and get them for themselves. They planned to kill me and Hamb and Bob's boss boy first and then the other Hongwans would run away and be killed. The boys decided to keep watch.

We built a big fire and sat around it talking and watching. I was very ambivalent about the situation. I felt that, looked at sanely, the whole thing was probably a farce, but at the same time I was quite scared. I decided that it certainly was on the safe side to keep watch. Some of

114 the boys decided that the best thing to do was to pack up and start home at once. It was moonlight, but I decided that would be very foolish. I also thought that if watch was to be kept the most important time to be on guard was just before dawn because most raids take place then. I also knew that this would be the time that the guards would dose off, so I slept, or rather tried to sleep, the first part of the night. About three I got up and kept a look-out the rest of the night. I had a flashlight which I would focus on the surrounding bush at intervals. Sure enough; the boys began to dose off one by one, and for a couple of hours I was the only one awake, except once in a while one or another of the boys would rouse sleepily to replenish the fire. The moon had been shining brightly, but it went down about four o'clock. With it went most of the mosquitos, which had been terrific before. Dawn came and nothing had happened. I began to feel quite foolish for having been so scared. Kar suggested that we go down and look at my Naramboi's house. I almost did, but the boys were already packed up and anxious to leave, so we decided against it. We called out for the "savvy talk" who lived nearby and told him we were going and would report the Eve business to the police.

When we got to Urambanj, we asked if the story about Eve was straight. Kar looked embarrassed and said he didn't know. Later Kar talked to him and then he said, "Yes, it is true." We got some coconuts and food there and also some pig.

We got to the foot of the mountain below Dumus and washed in a stream there. It was Mundik's turn to carry the heavy box, but when we told him, he did not answer, but picked up the axes, which he had been carrying before, and went off ahead. Everyone yelled at him to stop, but we went on unheeding. For a while he kept just ahead of us, but then he disappeared altogether.

114 We finally arrived home, pretty well exhausted. Mundik had brought his load to the house, dropped the axes and gone off, saying he was going to get something to eat. I told my story to Bob and Tip. The former laughed at my fears. He said that he had been there three years before and stayed for several days without any trouble. Both Tip and Bob felt the Eve tale a fake.

648 464 While I was gone, Bob had gotten another recruit--May. He is about thirty, somewhat of a dandy; he usually walks about with a long white feather in his comb and is very careful of his personal appearance. He speaks in a low musical voice, slowly, giving the impression of thoughtfulness. He was the one at the Hokwi ceremony who grabbed the spear and went dancing with it around the water drum. Tip said that he had come in the morning and had sat by the cook house for a couple of hours and then finally had said that he wanted to sign up. A short while later, four youths from Weyambank came, accompanied by the Tulcul and Sow. They also signed on. The recruiter decided that it was best to go at once, before [593] they ran away. May and the boys looked rather frightened. When the time came for them to go, all their mothers, sisters, and wives came up and began wailing as at a funeral. Their older relatives broke their lime gourds and rubbed the lime on the shoulders of the recruits. Others came up and rubbed the lime on them too. There was much embracing and excited talking. Tears were streaming down the faces of the women. It was a scene of hysteria.

To add to the confusion, Mundik had not appeared, and there was much excited yelling for him, but to no avail, and finally Bob and Tip went off with them.

578 754 Kar came up in the afternoon in quite an agitated state saying that Kumb had thought he had "pushed" his wife and was going to "make poison"

578 754 against Kar for it. Kumb had also accused Kar of "making poison" against War and Sewingay. Then he remembered that Kumb had asked him for a half cigarette, and when he had given it to him, he had not smoked it, but only pretended to. He had probably kept it to use for "poison." Kar went on to say that when Kumb came back from the bush, they should settle the matter which had occurred similarly before. He would move up here and build his house near Wof's; he was not going to live near Kumb after this.

648 464 January 23, 1937. Amas came in this morning and said that Mundik had brought all his stuff (the knives, axes, etc., with which he had been bought by Bob). Mundik had left them at Hamb's house and run back just out of sight up the road. I called out for him to come, that I was not angry with him, and he finally came up rather reluctantly. He was quite worried and scared. Amas explained that Mundik had eaten a pig at Urambanj and had gone crazy because of it. A group of children were all angry with him and yelled at him. He did not answer back, but just looked glum and worried.

443 I passed the market between Tangwishamp and Waynabunkura which is on the little spur which sticks out toward Tangwishamp . The trade has shifted from shells to iron beads, etc. for betel nuts and coconuts.

123 114 January 28, 1937. Today Gwiyap told me that Kar's sister had returned home from Tangwishamp where she had heard that if we hadn't left at dawn, they would have killed us. I asked Kar that night if he had heard the talk, and he denied it.

763 202 [534] January 29, 1937. The large drums were beating this morning, and I asked Gwiyap what it was. He said that they were talking to Tangwishamp to come and have a talk. Sortly thereafter, Kis came up, and I asked him. He said no, that a "lapun marf" was dying and they were calling her relatives

back from the bush. The drums went again this afternoon, and it was pretty well authenticated to be an old woman from Wenya, whose grandchildren were being called from working in a garden over on the edge of Ambunti mountain.

January 30, 1937. Last night I heard talking for quite a while in a loud voice. At first I could hear no responses, but finally I heard a woman answering angrily. After fifteen minutes of this the woman began wailing. Then she spoke a half a dozen words very quickly and then "O - O" on a low tone, and finally repeated it. All this was kept up for five minutes when she burst into actual sobbing. Wof was talking in a loud voice all the time.

This morning Gwiyap said that Wof's wife had complained that she did not have enough food to eat and Wof was tired of her complaining (the day before yesterday I stopped in and Kaya had what looked like a sprained ankle which had been cut with a razor according to native medical theory.) Her temples had also been cut. She held her foot up for me and moaned how much it pained. Gwiyap and Mar who were with me were very anxious for me to leave; they would not talk about it, so I was not able to find out much. The incident of last night had something to do with this, but again Gwiyap was loath to talk.

January 29, 1937. Afalowanj came and sold me a carved wooden figure. I paid him with a pair of scissors. He pretended to cut off his penis with it and evoked a laugh from all those present.

January 30, 1937. I got a letter from Eve today saying that he had arrived safely, so the rumor was false. I told Gwiyap and Mey this and asked them if they had actually heard that the Tangwishamps wanted to kill us, and they now admitted that they hadn't, although before they swore that they had.

439 This morning just after dawn Sow went by in a hurry with cuscus fur
628 on his head and carrying two spears. Soon afterward, the gongs at Wenya
532 began the assembly call. This kept up for about fifteen minutes, several
534 gongs going at once and cries of Ha yano. The house boys did not know what it meant. Hay ran down to ask Wof who said that they were beating a "tunkat" with Tangwishamp to exchange sugilawas (carved wooden figures). A few minutes later a very high-toned gong sounded, and they all jumped at this and ran out of the house saying that it was the "garamut bilong fight". Wof was coming up the hill and reassured them it was only the 'tunkat' for exchange of sugilawas. Later (10:00) we heard distant gongs play the dance rhythm. Mas and Owiyap said that the meeting of Tangwishamp and Hongwan would take place at Mdowsy house tamberan at Wambanj. (This morning they had said, convincing us it was not a fight, that had it been, there would have been many more people running by with spears. Everybody would have gone).

123 Afalawanj came in this morning and sold me a clay bird.
439
February 20, 1937. Tip left three days ago. War and Kar came around in the
114 evening. War had rubbed clay on his forehead which he explained he put
302 there because he was sorry Tip had gone. While they were here someone
123 called out from Wenya. They listened and then went out to where they could
457 hear better. Kumb had come too. The Wenya said that the Tangwishamps were bringing a pig in the next day and wanted to know if Hongwan wanted
[435] part of it. Wof joined in the discussion from his house. They decided they didn't want it because the Tangwishamp prices were too high.

628 The next day in the afternoon the Tangwishamps began drifting in;
[411] about a dozen men and women came and stopped in to look at our house. They
[412] carried no weapons except an occasional bone dagger or adze. They slept

224 [578] [648] made another across Yat's road. Yesterday Yat met Dowari on the road and accused him and went up to him to fight, but Dowari threw down his spear and ran away. Yat picked up his spear and broke it against a tree. He is going to carry the case to the police, he says.

837 Mbungawi married Pokwaga and went to work at the gold fields. Mawandayn has been having intercourse with Pokwaga. They live at the old Hayamakwo house tamberan near Wenyabunkura. They have built a new little one and call it Cumbwinembara. Pokwago is pregnant. Yat wants to take Mawandaya to Ambunti to court for this.

754 627 March 3, 1937. This morning a group of a dozen or so carrying spears stopped in on their way to talk 'poison' again at Sowinambi's. A group from Sombundura and Way came by covered from head to foot with mud. They had been the rounds of the house tamberans showing how sorry they were so that whoever was making the poison would relax). The group came back late in the afternoon. No one seemed interested in the result. The attitude was that it had been "talk nothing" as usual. The function of the thing seems to be to shame the culprit into relaxing. It also serves to allow histrionics and a gathering to talk.

685 In the evening there was loud talk down below. Someone has stolen some of War's bananas while he was away in the bush, and he is making accusations.

439 241 March 4, 1937. There was trading with Yambon this morning. Kwal was cutting his garden below War's. Kar, Mas, May, Mar, Asanampa, Way, Kawas helped.

114 March 6, 1937. Yesterday I went to Mar's bush house. He has only one bed so I continued to Masa's on the way I shot a pigeon and ate it. We went out shooting in the afternoon and met Apokwiyampa who with Pokadaya has a house

114 [224] near Wer's. He was building a bannie (trap) to shoot a pig; he followed us around while we were shooting. We got a hornbill -- Mar and Mas cut it up. Apokwiyampa took part home and ate it with Pokodaya. Then toward evening they both came back to sleep with us. The mosquitoes were terrific. We sat about talking for a while and then decided to get the flutes which were at Mar's . We played the flutes for a couple of hours. Apokwiyampa was teaching Mar and Mas. He was very patient with them. He would sing out the tune for them, and then they would try it. Finally we built a fire under the bed and slept. Mar and Mas slept on one, Poka and Apokwiyampa on the other. This morning Pokodaya left early. Mar, Mas and I had breakfast and then went to look at Apokwiyampa's prop. Then we went back to the house. Mas took a short trip and came back with a bunch of bananas. They were Latai's, but since Mas is his nephew, it is all right. We cooked and ate some. He gave the rest to us but asked us to pay Latai. Awambeku and Apinokw came to help carry my bed back, and we returned. Pokotayn and Apok came too. War is taking out yams.

[754] Yawangamp came to get some water with a lantern. He went back to Wisep's house and called out to us that he saw a man running down the road to the house tamberan. He yelled to Mar and May. They went down to the house tamberan to find Wef, Marok et al there. They came out and claimed to see his tracks going down past Marok's house. They thought he was someone coming to hear them talk of poison. Yamai was looking out for poison. (Hamb and Mar are away, and he is jumpy - he stayed awake all last night.) May explained that all the big men walk about at night. They were not afraid of a man's bone.

323 March 7, 1937. Marok fired his pots this afternoon. Two men came from TS# 755 Wenyabenkure this evening. They were making the rounds of Hongrom, getting

533 Namb and Yam began playing flutes after dark. May and Way were here. As soon as they started, Way spoke sharply to May and told him to come. They left for home.

114 April 11, 1937. I returned from the trip to Ambunti. Kar is still away at the bush house. The gongs were beaten at Wenya similar to the poison beatings. 685 [533] It turned out that someone had come back from the bush and found his house had been broken into, and he was making a fuss about it. Kwalump, Salakawa, Ambs, and War came up. Kwal told me that they had had a vatokolei about the house breaking--nothing eventuated.

123 685 After supper I talked about Way, who, the day I left, had stolen a knife, a "lap lap," and a big tin. I said that if he brought it back, it would be all right but that if he did not, I would take the case to court. They all agreed to the justice of this and for fifteen or twenty minutes talked over the question. "This is the behavior of a child, not a man. Punch him in the nose; don't be afraid of him." Then May repeated the evidence against him. He [648] had seen Way with the knife in his hand just before it disappeared. Then incidents were recounted of a previous theft of Way's; he had stolen a knife from the patrol officer when he was here, and the police boys had beaten him up. There was laughter and then talk of the time when the Germans owned territory, and Way was carrying cargo. He got tired and said he wanted to defecate. The police boy said that if that was the case to do it where he was. Way had tried to run away, and the police boy beat him up. This was told with great relish by Yat and Kwal and was followed by much laughter. The final indictment was that Way was not a man but a ghost (gesha).

May just came in saying that Wof was sorry that Way had stolen the long knife. "Way, in i no mankt belong yu in i big felo man. in i no bilong mather felo bammis, belong Kambisman dasal--fashion no good." (Way is not your child.

578 seems that War wants to kill them, and Wof takes a negative attitude. His garden is next to Yelagu, and if War made a raid, it wouldn't be safe to work there. War then accused Wof of telling the Tug men of War's plans, and thus thwarting his plans because of the close connection between Tug and Yelagu. Wof denied it, and so the argument continues.

114 [377] [136] [578] I went down to Wof's house tonight after supper; people were sitting around the fire burning mosquitoes off their legs with a torch. Wof, who was at the house tamberan called Sin sin sin (greetings) very loudly. Kaya repeated this mockingly.

534 476 April 13, 1937. Afok and Fokotay are helping with the gong. Wof is conspicuously absent. He says he has to look out for food, and it's not his gong anyway. (Strain over the yelagu affair I think). Way is also absent (due to knife stealing I think). I haven't seen him since I got back.

123 863 Chimwa and Kum slept under the mosquito net enclosing the dining work room in my house last night, and Kum wet the floor. Kwiya and Afinok came this morning and were much upset about this, said they were going to spank Kum for it, and helped clean it up.

857 Marok came into the house and pounded Afi on the back a couple of times asking her what she was doing playing about when she should be working, getting firewood, etc. She ran away and down to the house.

224 784 226 [177] Mes is now our shoot boy, as Mamb has quit. Yesterday Mes killed two gouria pigeons and this morning killed another one. Yat told him that he could not eat any. Mes realised that he should not eat them because he had killed them, but Gwiyap and Mar said that killing them with a musket was different from killing them with a spear, and that therefore it was all right. Mes was not convinced, however, and this morning he came out with the rationalisation that Mamb had continually missed shots because he had eaten birds he had shot.

513 wife. They are only in bed together to have intercourse and then sleep
593 by themselves.
[838]
262 After supper I went down to Mar's. He was eating soup. He had
584 consumed most of a small saucepan (2 quarts). He said he was thinking of Aya. I said, "Well, why don't you get her?" He said he would like to, but Way had forbidden him. I said, "Why, are you afraid of what the big men say?" Gwiyap said, "Yes master." Mar is always afraid of what the big men say. "I'm not the same. If it had been me, I'd have married Aya a long time ago."

123 I hadn't been at Mar's long, before Wof sang out asking who was looking
685 out for my house. I said no one, and he told me I had better return or
754 someone would steal something. I told him everything was locked up and stayed. He grumbled for a while, and after about five minutes he sang out that he was going there. I followed. He got a firebrand and looked around the house and then gave me a lecture on the danger of leaving my house unguarded. In the first place my stuff would be stolen, and in the second, there was danger of sorcery being worked, and I and my house boys would all die. If I had a door which I could fasten, it would be all right, but since I had not, I shouldn't leave my house unattended, particularly at night.. I said that it was raining, and I didn't think anyone would be abroad. He told me it made no difference -- that there were apt to be prowlers at any time. Then he said he was not cross with me but merely *kwaiio mesi* (explaining things) to me for my own good.

593 Wof said he had been to Koriasi and gathered pay from his sister.
"Big fela more" --they had carried Way's pig and Mauk's yams.

123 Then Wof asked me if I would give him an gouria pigeon to make soup
to pay for lopping down trees in his garden. He stressed the fact that
114 he was my *loke* (elder sibling). I said I would. The kerosene is almost gone, so I went to bed without lighting the lamp.

114 Watakaup came in the afternoon with an invitation to come to Ambunti. I think I'll go.

April 22, 1937.. It was raining this morning, so I decided not to go to Ambunti but sent Mar and Mas to get kerosene, flour, etc. I went down to [289] War's to look at his house. The whole family was at home. The women were sewing mat bags, as well as War who was sewing a bag. His was working a wafe ngasa from afosamp bone. Kar was lying on a bed sick.

I went up to the house tamberan to get its construction. Way was shaping the outside of a gong, but the mosquitoes drove me home. I sent 836 Owiyap and May to wash clothes. Owiyap came back full of excitement about Gwanta. He had seen her on the way, and she let it be known she wanted to have intercourse with him. He bribed Gwanta with 2 razors, one for him and one for her, to come and tell him when she next went down to get water so he could meet her there. He said he was going to ask her to come and sleep [593] with him at Wisep's house in his "klambu". She had suggested it the other night but her father had forbade her.

This afternoon he put on Mar's singlets and a brand new orange "lap lap" and went down the hill. He stayed all afternoon. Tonight he said he had called at May's house. Gwanta and her mother were there--they sat and talked. She was sitting on the bed, and he asked her if there were plenty of "nats nats." She said yes. Then he told her if they bothered her too much to come up and sleep in his mosquito net. She said she would. Gwamb who was also there, said he would come too, but Gwanta said no--how many people do you think the net will hold. Mar remarked that she did not call him by his name and that she told him not to go with me but to stay.

754 May and War came back from Sowinambi's reporting that his wife was sicker than ever, that nothing had happened except that Tangwishamp did not come up to talk at the meetings and sb were suspected.

Hwal and Kis stopped in and sat on my porch. I overheard them talking. Kis said his sore was due to poison, and he was sambo to all men now--the present company and his own brothers (only) excepted. Even Wof and Marok were under suspicion, and he was taboo to them also.

797 I came out and Hwal and Kis began talking about missions saying that they betrayed the house tamberan by showing figures (sugilewas) to the women, and if the mission ever came to Hongwam, they would take their women and leave.

114 Mar and Mas had come back at noon. They had not slept at the station but at Mas' house. They brought butter, flour, four tins of meat, four of vegetables, no sugar or tobacco, or any news of Bob Overall.

123 685 Yat and Kar came up in the evening, and I began to talk about a tin of meat which had been stolen yesterday afternoon. Suspects: Kis, who was in the bedroom dressing his sore; Wof, who was at the house when I left May in charge yesterday afternoon; and Yat, who had gone by yesterday afternoon, and also because Owiyap saw a tin of meat at his house. Yat did not have much to say, whereas the others harangued about their innocence, saying that they considered tinned meat to be human flesh and would not eat it (which was not true). They said it was not good to eat, and that they would give me all the sago I wanted if I liked it, etc. May first accused Kis, but War enumerated him, saying that he would have seen the tin if Kis had taken it. Wof was called on next, and he came up protesting vigorously. He said he was a big man and would not steal. War and Kar gave good alibis. Yat and Marok said they had gone right by the house to Soubundura and had come back after I had returned.

Chapter III

Case History- MAR

115 Mar is a tall and gangling lad of about 18 or 19 with a heavy moronic face. He gives the impression of not being very bright. He lives with his brothers and sisters in the house nearest mine while his mother lives in another a few feet away. She is an old woman, crippled so that she cannot walk, but with a keen awareness of what is going on and a sharp [583] tongue. With her lives Yawa who is Mar's fiancee. It is the custom for a girl to live with the family of her husband for several months before marriage. Yawa gives the appearance of being rather lazy and sullen.

Mar often comes to the house and is helpful in working with the language because of his patience but not because he can grasp a new idea very well. If he asks for something, one word of refusal is enough.--though in time this changed. Although unsatisfactory as an informant in many cases, he gave us the list of pronouns in the language very readily and with little prodding.

A joke is much funnier to Mar than to others. He harps back to something that has amused him long after the juice of the situation has been extracted by Gwiyap and May.

He seemed embarrassed because he did not attend the Minjama yam cult [156] ceremony, and the reason was that most boys of his age are already members of both Yenama and Minjama, while he is only a member of the former.

October 14, 1936:

124 Yesterday we were asking Mar his genealogy. He said that he was engaged but that his fiancee was not good so he was going to get another one. He [114] said she was not strong and didn't work well. We have taken him on to help Hamb and Wisap, our non-Kwoma houseboys, by fetching water and firewood. He seems to be glad to do it. We sealed the bargain with a pipe and "lap lap."

October 25, 1936.

115 Mar is becoming tired of our continued questioning lately and will sometimes pretend not to hear us when we call him to verify the pronunciation of some word. He is apt to walk out of the room the minute we pause in our questioning. Yesterday we spent half an hour trying to get the Kwoma word for nose, but could not make him understand what we wanted although we tried innumerable methods of trying to obtain the information.

October 29, 1936.

[584] This afternoon Mar went up the hill for a while. When he returned he was quite excited and said he had been looking at a woman whom he might later have for a wife. He was dancing around with a broad grin on his face.

November 13, 1936.

[123] Lately Mar has taken to calling me papa. This happened after we arranged a kinship relation with Owiyap, May and ourselves, but Mar has done this without suggestion from us.

Yesterday there was talk of a fight with Tangwishamp. Most of the Kwoma men were gathered to talk things over, but Mar did not go. We asked him why not and he was quite positive about not wanting to fight.

[114] The other evening Yat was in, and we talked of going to Yessa, a river tribe above Yambon. Owiyap said he would take us there. We asked Mar if he would like to come, but he said no. When we went to Ambunti, May and Owiyap wanted to go with us, but Mar again said he would stay and take care of our house. Neither did he want to go to Wogu (a tribe across the river we were planning to visit) with us.

*115 [123] unsuccessfully to get from me.

*115 583 A few days ago he said he was going to go to Tangwishamp to get some shell money owed him. Wof and Kis went with him. Mar's older brother died and a Tangwishamp married his widow. They shall try to collect the bride price that was due for her. The usual price for a [587] woman is a large bag of shell money of all kinds. In the case of a widow the pay is much reduced-- only two strings (3 marks).

[123] Kar tells me that since I am Mar's 'father', I should contribute to his bride price.

*115 January 20, 1937.

[648] [464] [583] [476] [614] Mar said that he thought he would go to work for the Whites to earn some money so that he could buy a wife. One of his older brothers spoke up and said that he could not do this, for he is needed for the communal work of the sib. Mar did not protest.

January 23, 1937.

[114] I made a trip to Tangwishamp accompanied by Mar, Kar, Owiyap, Naub, Mey and Mundik. While there Mar was responsible for the story that the Tangwishamps intended to kill us in order to procure for themselves the axes and knives which we had brought for trading purposes.

January 26, 1937.

[123] [154] This morning Mar came in complaining of a headache. I gave him an aspirin, and he said that he does not like this place because there is too much sorcery; War, particularly, always sorcerises people. Later [241] he said that the next day he was going to the bush to plant his yams. He would arrive tomorrow and then scrape sago for two days. Then he would break ground for two days with the aid of Mas who had already gone to the bush with his sister.